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A. Hervieu del. *P. Heideman fecit.*

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THE MOTHER'S MANUAL

OR

Illustrations

OF

Matrimonial Economy

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

London

1833.

J. Barnes Govt. Printing Estab.t 70 St. Martins Lane

736.

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MATRIMONIAL ECONOMY.

An Essay in Verse.

WITH TWENTY PLATES.

EN FAVEUR DU BADINAGE,
FAITES GRACE A LA RAISON.
BEAUMARCHAIS.

LONDON:
TREUTTEL AND WÜRTZ AND RICHTER,
30, SOHO SQUARE.

1833.

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PREFACE.

In these bless'd days, when science is adored,
Through every rank, from cobler to my lord;
When beauties blush, in sweet apology,
If blundering found in any 'ology;
When, if you cull a flower, you needs must know
Where is the calix—how the petals grow;
When algebra and waltzing share the hour,
And each in turn the dizzy brain o'erpower;
At such an era, is it not a shame,
One science still is left, unknown to fame—
Without a gramʹmar—nay, without a name?

Why has our nation never formed a school
Wherein fond mothers might be taught, by rule,
How, when, and where that business to begin
By which they hope—all that they wish to win?
'Tis strange, philosophy has found no pen
To teach how women best can govern men:
The sex, 'tis true, by inborn genius led,
Already on this theme some light have shed,
But not enough. Though precious as her life
Is the dear art that makes a maid a wife,
Few have yet learned how far, by care and skill,
A well-taught girl may marry whom she will.

A thousand volumes daily meet the eye,
All kinds of knowledge ready to supply;
But where's the precious book that yet has taught
How the *reward* of all can best be caught?

THE MOTHER'S MANUAL, it is hoped, will prove
A useful treatise in the school of love.
Not by dull precept could it e'er obtain
That deep attention it deserves to gain:
Familiar illustration is here made,
The young to flatter, and the old persuade;
Till mothers see what watchful care can do,
And daughters learn what men are fit to woo.

Let none impugn the moral of my lay,
Harsh should it seem, or vile; for not to-day
Can such objection raise disgust or scorn.

Time was among us, ere *new* [1] truth was born,
When such sharp prudence crouched beneath a screen,
Or in all shapes, except its own, was seen.

Now, sure of praise, it fearless meets the light,
Backed by that broad, bold saw, of wondrous might—
"Whatever is expedient must be right."
Time was among us, when, if tender love,
Strong in his youthful ardour, bravely strove,
By patient labour, or by bold emprize,
To raise a shelter beneath threatening skies
For one dear idol, virtue cheered him on,
And good men blessed the cottage he had won. [2]
Alas! these treasured phantoms of the heart,
The rising sun of science bids depart;
Sages stand schooled, and, humbly bending low,
All veil their dazzled eyes before great Martineau.
For me, though conscious of a cause as good,
Precepts as safe—and better understood—
I seek not, ex cathedra, to improve
The laws of nature; but would fain remove,

By plain example, and by reasoning clear,

Those warm, but weak affections, which appear

So often to perplex, thwart, vex, and smother

The best laid plan of the most cautious mother.

F. T.

NOTES TO THE PREFACE.

[1] Truth is said to be eternal, and therefore cannot, with propriety, be termed new. It is probable, however, that the species of truth usually called new, is not the same as that which has been denominated eternal.

[2] "Do you be on the watch to *lessen the number of dwellings* as much as you can, and I will use my pastoral influence in inducing the young folks to delay the publication of their banns till they have something beside a bare shelter to begin with."—*Home's Abroad*, p. 34.

Assuredly the prudent forethought which would induce a young couple to wait "till they have something besides a bare shelter to begin with," would be highly desirable; but let the political economist take care, that while he advocates one virtue, he does not trample upon others. Among the few blessings which the poor enjoy in common with the rich, the affections of the heart stand foremost: must these be checked, chilled, and unnaturally restrained—at the moment when they plead the strongest—to lessen the burden of the poor rates? The remedy must go deeper, or the cure will not be radical.

CHAPTER I.

Description of the principal Personages.—Exalted character of Lady Hook.—Maternal anxiety of Mrs. Philtre.—Arrival in London.

CHAPTER I.

Lady Hook was a widow, the wisest and best
That ever six fatherless daughters caressed:
A model of prudence, unspotted in fame,
Her word was a law, and a sanction her name:
In less than six years from her husband's demise,
She had married six girls, and each match was a prize.

Mrs. Philtre, her sister, had been also bereft,
By the stern hand of Death, of her husband, who left
Three young female pledges of love the most tender,
With a handsome life-rent on his land to befriend her.
But it happen'd, alas! that the acres must go
To the heir male, which left the young ladies so, so;

More unluckily still; poor dear Mrs. Philtre
Knew little of life, but judiciously built her
Best hopes for her girls, from the lessons she took,
By observing the progress of good Lady Hook.
For many long years she used infinite pains,
With books of all kinds to enlighten her brains;
She consulted the curate, the lawyer, the squire;
At each learned discussion, her ambition soared higher.
Her poor girls were the slaves of her constant endeavour
To make them appear inconceivably clever;
But something within her, kept whispering still,
That she had not the knack, or the tact, or the skill,
To make them succeed like their elegant cousins,
Who went on making brilliant conquests by dozens.
When at length the news came that her sixth niece had made,
An excellent match—she no longer delay'd
Fulfilling a project she had still kept in view;
(A project, both wise and agreeable too,)

Of repairing to London in order to try
If a season in town, with her model close by,
Might not teach her all former defects to supply.
When she mentioned her plan, 'twas most kindly received,
And her sister declared she had constantly grieved
That the distance from Yorkshire had kept them apart,
Though absence had never estranged her in heart.
Lady Hook lived at Richmond, but she no sooner knew
That the party was come, than to Brook-street she flew;
And 'twas touching to see with what motherly care
She gave her best aid, the poor girls to prepare
For the great undertaking which brought them all there.
It may well be conceived that the name of an aunt,
Believed to have power such favours to grant,
Must occasion in all a good deal of emotion;
And the more so, because they had taken a notion
They should find her severe, and most dreadfully blue;
Both which were a horror to creatures so new.

'Twas decided at length, after much altercation,
That the seniors should first hold a close consultation,
While the terrified Misses kept out of the way,
Till the moment their mother thought fit to display
Their rustic young graces in solemn array.
This discourse, which was pregnant with matters of weight,
I mean, in the following chapters, to state;
And as it flows onward, the reader will see—
If he chance an intelligent reader to be—
That thoughts deep, truths important, and principles sound,
May all in this useful new treatise be found.

CHAPTER II.

Meeting of the Sisters.—Mrs. Philtre gives an account of her experiments.—Lady Hook points out the blunders.—Offers her assistance.

A. Hervia del.

P. Heidemann fec.

A cordial embrace

A Ducôté's Cen.l Printing & Establish.t 70, St. Martins Lane.

CHAPTER II.

All this settled, the mother makes haste to repair
To the boudoir, and waits for her visitor there:
She soon came; and after a cordial embrace,
Each anxiously looked at the other, to trace
What havoc twelve years with her features had made;
And as they spied wrinkles, though rather afraid
That their own brows might show some such tendency too,
Yet each said to herself, "I am less changed than you."
But much too obliging to speak what they thought,
Both good-humouredly said the reverse, as they ought;
And thus, mutually pleased by the just observation,
Commenced with great interest th' annexed conversation.

MRS. PHILTRE.

Dear Harriet! I rejoice that you are come—
I was afraid you could not leave your home;—
This is so kind of you! I did not dare
To hope you'd join us till we'd had our stare,
Like country cousins, at this wondrous town.

LADY HOOK.

Sister, you wrong me: I could not go down
To visit my dear Mrs. General Crewe,
Till I had first embraced your girls and you.

MRS. PHILTRE.

You'll not leave home, I trust, before we go?

LADY HOOK.

But for one week: there is so much, you know,

That must be done in which I cannot aid.

MRS. PHILTRE.

Without you, Harriet, I am much afraid
That all the good I hoped for from this scheme
Will only prove an idle, costly dream.

LADY HOOK.

Depend upon it, I will do my best
To set you going.—I shall be your guest
Till Friday.—We'll begin without delay—
Howell and James's we can do to-day.

MRS. PHILTRE.

Harriet! you totally mistake my aim;
'Twas not to purchase finery I came:
An object higher far I had in view
When I left Yorkshire, to consult with you.

LADY HOOK *(eagerly)*.

An offer for my eldest niece, I ween?

How fortunate you are! she's just eighteen.

MRS. PHILTRE.

Alas! you're very far from being right:

Yet 'tis the object ever in my sight—

My constant thought by day, my dream by night

LADY HOOK.

Of course it is, dear Marg'ret: it was mine

For six long years. But I cannot repine

At any pains or labour it has cost—

No one can say it has been labour lost.

MRS. PHILTRE.

It was your great success which brought me here,

Not that I hope to marry Anne this year;

But my great object is to understand
What are the studies we should take in hand—
What language, or what science is the best
To finish off with: they shall have no rest
Till they have learned what you shall recommend.

LADY HOOK.

First let me know to what your questions tend:
Do you propose to make some new display,
Or let them show off, in the usual way?

MRS. PHILTRE *(sighing deeply).*

Harriet! you know not what a life I lead—
I, who so heartily detest to read,
Now scarce do aught beside, from morn to night,
And yet I doubt if we are going right.
I hear your girls were brilliant, sprightly, gay—
Lord help me! mine are quite the other way.

Your letters always spoke so much of wit,
Told of such volumes read, such pages writ—
And, one by one, your girls all made a hit!
Alas! you know not what my head endures,
In only labouring to keep pace with yours.

LADY HOOK.

Poor Marg'ret! But now let me know your plan,
Since first this emulative scheme began?

MRS. PHILTRE.

My mind's a chaos: see this table here—
'Tis less confused than my poor brain, I fear.
I read, and read, but all is mist and doubt—
One system ever drives another out.
Rousseau—I once determined they should be
Brought up on the same plan as his Sophie;

A. Hervieu del.

P. Heideman fec.

The Dancing Master seemed inclined to woo.

A. Ducote's Gen.l Print.g Establish.t 70, St. Martins Lane.

And made them read Telemachus all day,
Trusting that it would put them in the way,
With elegance and safety, to adore
The hero, like his Sophie did before.
But soon I found that project would not do;—
The dancing-master seemed inclined to woo.

LADY HOOK.

Rousseau! good heaven! what put him in your head?
You'd better study Mrs. Glasse instead.

MRS. PHILTRE.

Indeed I'm sure his plan's not worth a button—
Its sole result was making Jane a glutton. *
Friande he calls it; you have read Rousseau?
Upon my word I think he's very low.

---

* *Vide* Emile.

LADY HOOK.

Oh Margaret!

MRS. PHILTRE.

Yet I did not despair:

Do see, my dear, all those huge volumes there?—

Now look at this, and think what I've endured

To have my girls' success in life secured.

This dreadful Locke has almost turned my brain;

I read whole pages o'er and o'er again:

That he is always right I have no doubt,

But I can never find his meaning out. [*Sighs.*

LADY HOOK.

That is no fault peculiar, dear, to you;

You've learnt as much as many others do.

A. Hervieu del. P. Heideman. fecit 1833

This dreadful Locke has almost turned my brain!

A. Dacres Gen.l Print & Pub.e Established 1770. St. Martins Lane.

A. Hervieu. del.ᵗ

Henri Philipp Hinkemann, fecit 1818.

Now tell me was it learning married you

A. Ducote's Genᵗ Printing Establishᵗ 70 St Martins Lane

MRS. PHILTRE.

Well!—after passing nearly half a year
At this, I next got all these Pinnocks here,—
And was resolved to go completely through
Each separate volume. But it would not do;
This horrid algebra's such frightful stuff,
I quickly found one volume was enough.
Then came—

LADY HOOK.

Oh, hold awhile! good heaven defend
My nerves—this catalogue will never end.
Now, Margaret, listen—and you'll soon agree,
You had better burn your books, and learn of me.
I have six daughters—all have married well—
Can Locke or Pinnock furnish such a spell?
Trust me, it is not learning that will do:
Now, tell me, was it learning married you?

MRS. PHILTRE.

Why no—but then my girls are not so pretty.

LADY HOOK.

Never mind that, we'll try to make them witty.

MRS. PHILTRE.

Why, that's exactly what I've tried to do.

LADY HOOK.

My dear, I beg your pardon,—no, not you.
You've laboured hard to make the poor things wise,
But wisdom charms not either hearts or eyes.
'Tis talent, quickness, esprit, and all that,
The men detest every thing wise and flat;
Ennui'd to death, they seek what will amuse,
And never cease *blue learning* to abuse.

I know them well, and for six years at least,
Have studied only what would please them best.

MRS. PHILTRE.

I hope you'll tell me all you have found out;
That I shall strive to learn, you cannot doubt.
But then my nieces are such charming creatures!
We've neither got their talents, nor their features.

LADY HOOK.

My girls had nothing in the world but eyes—
But with my system, these are strong allies.
The battle is not always to the strong,
Nor to the fleetest does the race belong;
No—'tis the skill that teaches when to start,
The cunning trick of fence, that finds the heart.
In short I care not for a handsome face,
One-tenth so much as for tact, wit, and grace.

Jane's match was not the best—but a Scotch Peer—
But her Lord says, he shall drive four next year—
I think you'll own I know what I'm about.

MRS. PHILTRE.

Of your skill, Harriet, who can have a doubt?
And now, for pity's sake, your power lend,
To bring my painful labours to an end.
Your girls all married—what have you to do?

LADY HOOK.

Nothing—I'm quite at leisure to help you.
And, as an actor who has left the stage,
And all the rival wars he used to wage,
Likes, though retired, his talent to display,
So I, *en amateur*, still love to play;
And for your benefit will take a part.

MRS. PHILTRE.

But you must teach me too, your precious art.

LADY HOOK.

Why, art is wanted—aye, and science too,
To marry ugly girls without a *sous*.
But I have done it—and I could again,
Spite of the boasted caution of the men.
I have a sportsman's pleasure in the chase,
And love to see their struggles and grimace;
As Isaac Walton did to watch a trout,
Securely hooked, yet floundering still about.

MRS. PHILTRE.

And may I hope you'll do all this for me?
You have no girls to marry—I have three.

LADY HOOK.

If you will let me manage all myself,
Not one shall rest till twenty on the shelf;
I love the occupation—I love you,
And, though unknown, I love my nieces too.
Had you arriv'd last year, I will not say,
I should have been as willing as to-day,
Great matches for my nieces to have plann'd,
For then, my sallow Jane was still on hand.

[Here she paused, for the footman now entered the room,
And announced that the dress-maker's servant was come,
To know at what hour the ladies would choose
To try on their dresses.]

MRS. PHILTRE.

. . . . . Can you, sister, excuse

My naming some hour to-day?

LADY HOOK.

. . . . . To be sure—

Not for me, shall they hope-delayed sickness endure.

CHAPTER III.

General Speculations.—Particular Instructions.—Philosophical Remarks.

CHAPTER III.

Once more left to themselves, and the subject renewed,
Lady Hook thus, with sisterly friendship, pursued:

LADY HOOK.

When you ask me what means are most fit to obtain,
Any man you're especially anxious to gain,
I reply—you must study him, ere you prepare,
For his conquest alone, a particular snare,
Lest he see your design, and shall learn to beware.
Some are caught by the ear—some are caught by the eye,
In the depths of their hearts 'tis our duty to pry,
And by proper attention to what we there find,
We've good reason to hope we may manage mankind.

Let your girls learn Italian—I have known it lend grace,
More than once, to a very indifferent face.
I don't mean, of course, you should make them peruse,
One line in the language, beyond what they choose;
Oh no!—'tis not reading—but teach them a way,
Some pretty colloquial phrases to say;
Then mark, with attention, when just fresh from Rome,
A pensive young man shall reluctant come home;
Unobstrusively follow wherever he goes,
And see if no symptom of suffering he shows;
When the terrible *ss's* which murder our tongue,
To his soul, like the creaking of shoe-leather, come.
If he wince—then let some sweet tone reach his ear,
" *Cara mia!*" " *dolce madre!*" " *oh qual piacer!*"
He will turn quick to see whence the loved accents flow,
Gets presented—that always is easy you know—
And 'tis odds but he's caught, if the *ninfa gentil*
Know how on his sensitive feelings to steal.

Then there's waltzing—that mother has but little skill,
Who can't make a waltz do almost what she will.
To the stiff—when leave's asked—she must instantly vow,
That waltzing's a thing she can never allow;
But should she be anxious the form to display,
And is conscious, besides, that her girl shines that way,
She should say, "By and bye she may dance with her brother,
But not for the world shall she waltz with another."
To the travell'd, or such as would never endure,
That his wife should seem prudish, because she was pure,
She may hint, that a waltz is the dear creature's passion,
But not often indulged in, although 'tis the fashion.
Most likely he'll lead her to join the gay ring,
And it's then that her net she must over him fling.

MRS. PHILTRE.

Well, now! that gives me greater hopes than all
For when I took them to the county ball,

They all would waltz, whatever I could say;

But poor dear Anne was very ill next day.

LADY HOOK.

For heaven's sake do not name it! There are men

Who, perhaps, still start at waltzing—but what then?

'Tis but to hear the pretty creatures vow,

That "Never, never could they ere allow

A stranger's arm to twine around them so!"—

But that is quite a different thing, you know,

From owning that, although they have the will,

They cannot waltz—"Because it makes them ill."

MRS. PHILTRE.

Oh dear! I see that would be quite absurd,

Go on—I shall not lose a single word.

A. Herrieu. delt.

Henri Philippe Hadamard fecit.

Les tableaux vivants

A Ducotet Cie Libraires-Editeurs 76 Rue de Rennes

LADY HOOK.

Les tableaux vivans, are perhaps surer yet,
And 'tis so easy, you need only get
An ample frame, and strain some dark red gauze—
Italian pictures gain the most applause.
Follow old masters—or else choose a scene
From History—ancient history I mean;
If classic costume leave the shoulders bare,
'Tis "quite correct"—and if perchance they're fair,
He who shall gaze, as actor or spectator,
Or first or last, is almost sure to take her.

MRS. PHILTRE.

I fear my Anne would never have the face,
To stand stock still so, just in the same place.

LADY HOOK.

For some girls, I believe, there is nothing that wou'd
Answer better than being prodigiously good;
But this only applies, should they happen to stay,
In some family rather peculiar that way.

There's another thing still, which I've known to succeed,
And produce great effect with most wonderful speed,
Sometimes it will act quite like magic indeed:
This is rhyming off-hand. It seems always so clever,
So startling, so bright, that I seldom or never
Have watched any talent more tending to move
The heart of an idler to admire, and to love.

MRS. PHILTRE.

But that must be so difficult to do!
I'm sure I never could succeed—could you?

A. Herneau del.

Henri Philipe Hudemans fecit 1833.

Prodigious Cheap Boots and Shoes Established 76 St Martins Lane

LADY HOOK.

It is not, perhaps, so hard as it appears:
When we begin, you must express no fears.
But, ere I see my nieces, let me ask—
Although, believe me, 'tis no pleasant task—
Are you quite sure—that none of them have ever
Run up a love affair?

MRS. PHILTRE.

. . . . . Dear me! no, never!

LADY HOOK

Then we start fair—but make them understand
At once—before I take them all in hand,
That I must have no nonsense of that kind.
I know there are some people do not mind
A side flirtation, if the girl be steady;
And when a good match offers will be ready

Directly to give up her *bête* first love;
However 'tis a style I don't approve.
Some think it helps to give the eyes effect;
But I have known more than one good match checked,
Solely because some horrid younger son
Had first to touch the damsel's heart begun.
In short, 'tis dangerous—and I never choose
To grant a licence easy to abuse.
Better, far better, would the modern style,
If well pursued, our anxious cares beguile.
Let them be thought, as now, girls often are
The real aim of life—and they'll not mar
By any love-heroics, our design.
If every system were reduced to mine,
(Borrow'd, I do not scruple to confess,
But this makes not its real value less),
Precaution and obedience, hand in hand,
Would soon drive younger brothers from the land;

Van Diemen's shades might hide them from our sight,
Excessive increase cease—and all be right.

MRS. PHILTRE.

I'm sure whatever you think best to do,
I shall approve—I leave it all to you.

LADY HOOK.

Well, then—sans façon, I shall first disclose
My system to them all—and then propose,
Without delay, some trial of their skill,
In rhyming, singing, waltzing—what they will.
I'm sure no niece of mine can be a dunce,
But we waste time—we must begin at once—
I long to see them.

MRS. PHILTRE.

. . . . . I will ring the bell,

I only hope you'll find them do as well

As other girls who have not been taught right—

Though, Heav'n knows, I've tried with all my might.

[*She rings, and the Footman enters.*

Go to the study, John, and tell the three

Miss Philtres, to come instantly to me.

A Hervieu del.t

Henri Philipe Hademann sculpt

To the study John

A Diocles Gen.l Printing Establish.t N.o 8 Marlow's Lane.

CHAPTER IV.

Introduction of the Misses Philtre.—Affectionate Interest.—System of Improvement proposed.—Obedience promised.—Trial of Skill.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. PHILTRE.

I ALMOST dread to let the girls appear,
For when you see them, you will think, I fear,
That they're more awkward than you might expect.

LADY HOOK.

If that be all, I'll soon cure the defect;
I only hope they are not very shy?
I know no fault which goes so near to try
My patience. Ugly, awkward, rude,
I can endure as a good Christian should;
But shyness is the thing I most detest,
It is in fact a skilful mother's pest.

Enter the Three MISSES PHILTRE.

Soh! here they are. Well—Anne, Maria, Jane,
You're too much grown for me to know again—
But I presume you come in order in.
Nay, but look up—to blush is not a sin.
Come here, my dear.

[*She takes hold of* ANNE, *and examines her.*

. . . . . This girl has some good points;
Her bust is ample, and she has slender joints.
Sit on this sofa, Anne—there—throw your arm
Over the back—thus. Here's enough to charm
Without tormenting her about her face;
But then I must insist on style and grace.

MRS. PHILTRE.

Sister, you're very good to say all that—
I was so fearful you would think her fat.

A. Herrieu del.t

Henri Philipe Pandemars fecit.

Soh! Here they are.

A Ducotés own.t Printing Establish.t 70 C. St Martins lane.

LADY HOOK.

Oh, no—! Maria, let me see your eyes—
Ah! ha! Trust me this girl shall win a prize.
Look on the ground, Maria,—now at me—
Now on the ground again—now let me see
If you can drop the heavy lid,
As if you looked upon a book,
Then raise it—sudden—when I bid,
And give a sort of fearful look.
Now, sigh—very well, my dear! now, sigh again.
This girl shall make fine havoc with the men.

MRS. PHILTRE.

My dearest Harriet! you delight me so—
But it is said to comfort me, I know.

LADY HOOK.

Not so, indeed. Come, Jane,—nay, she can blush—
That is not shyness, but a charming flush.
There's a nice girl—aye, turn away your head,
I never saw a more bewitching red.
Marg'ret—your girls will do. They are not shy,
Nor beauties, certainly—but, by and bye
They shall succeed when portioned belles shall not.
But now, my dears, you'll show me what you've got
By way of light accomplishment and grace;
These will do more than the most lovely face.

MRS. PHILTRE.

Ah, Harriet! there you'll find us out, I fear.

LADY HOOK.

Well, never mind, I'll put you in, my dear.

I shall begin without an hour's delay,
To set them going in the proper way:
But, as I told you, I shall first declare
My real object—for it is but fair
To tell them, while they try to do my will,
It is their own, they are pursuing still,
If I mistake not. Set reserve aside,
And, tell me, should you like to be a bride?

[*To* ANNE.

ANNE.

Yes—I suppose so.

LADY HOOK.

Good—that is sincere;
And you, Maria, what say you, my dear?

MARIA.

Me, aunt!—Oh dear!—I'm sure I cannot tell;
But, perhaps, I, too, might like it very well.

LADY HOOK.

Quite right—and now, what says my little Jane?
Shall that sly smile, your meaning, dear, explain?

JANE.

I am too young, aunt—but I wont deny,
That I should like to marry by and bye.

LADY HOOK.

You are good girls; at least you speak the truth—
But there is much to fear in early youth,
From want of prudence: which should you like best,
To drive a handsome carriage; be well dressed;

Live in a noble house, with half a score
Of smart tall footmen, crowding round your door;
Hear your name thundered down the Opera stairs,
While a rich husband neither knows nor cares
How much you pay for trinkets, lace, or satins?
Or, would you rather walk to church in pattens
With the young curate of some country town,
Who'll give you, once a year, a new silk gown?

THE THREE YOUNG LADIES TOGETHER.

Oh, aunt!

MRS. PHILTRE.

. . . . . Oh, sister!

LADY HOOK.

. . . . . So then, I suppose,
That each a good match, from a bad one knows,

And this is something—but there's much to do,
Ere we can hope to reach the end in view.
Do you all think you have the wish and will,
My hopes, for your advancement, to fulfil?

ANNE.

I'm sure I have, dear aunt.

MARIA.

And I.

JANE.

And I.

LADY HOOK.

Well, then—a lesson we'll directly try.
Sit round this table—now observe, I'll write
A line—which Anne shall rhyme to, at first sight.

LADY HOOK *writes, and then reads aloud.*

Little, tender, fluttering dove.—

Now, what's the rhyme?—Do not, I beg, be slow.

ANNE (*frightened*).

The rhyme? Indeed, indeed, Ma'am, I don't know.

LADY HOOK.

You do not know? What does Maria say?

Come, speak, my dear—I cannot wait all day.

Little, tender, fluttering dove—

MARIA.

Perhaps, aunt, it comes in rhyme with *love?*

LADY HOOK.

Oh, the dear girl! what a sweet conscious air!

She is a charming creature, I declare.

Maria! Listen—mind but your hits, my dear,
And ere you have outliv'd another year,
You shall receive an offer from a Peer.

MARIA *(delighted).*

Will he be young, aunt?

LADY HOOK.

What a question's that!
Or young, or old, Maria, thin or fat,
I beg you'll tell me what is that to you?
A coronet's the thing you have in view.
But, come—the blushing Jane shall try her skill,
And Anne shall make the first line, if she will.

ANNE.

I make a line of poetry! Dear Aunt!
I'm sure—I'm very sure, indeed, I can't.

A. Herrieu del.ᵗ Henri Philippe Hindemans fecit.

This girl has some good points.

A. Ducotè Genᵗ Printing Establishᵗ 70, St Martins Lane.

LADY HOOK.

Nor ever will, child, if you will not try—
Take care, Miss Anne, I do not find you shy.
Now, see—we'll take the former line again,
And give it for a triplet to dear Jane.

Little, tender, fluttering dove,
That spend'st thy wanton life in love.

Now, Jane, another rhyme for dove?

JANE *(musing)*.

Love and dove—why, shove, above.

LADY HOOK *(kissing her)*.

Oh you nice creature! well my little Jane,
Come, take my pencil—try your skill again;
Make two more lines, one ending in above,
The other (the same length) must end in shove.

JANE *(after some meditation)*.

What wicked hand could give a shove,
When you are fluttering above.

LADY HOOK.

Not one of all my six was quick as Jane—
But I'm afraid that I shall make her vain.
Now look, my dears, here we have got four rhymes,
Which, thrown together, sound like village chimes;
We must divide them, yet not spoil the sense,
And, if we can, keep to the present tense.

Little, tender, fluttering dove,
That high above our heads dost sail,
Thou spend'st thy wanton life in love,
Amid fond joys that never fail.
What wicked hand could give a shove
To thy sleek neck and shining tail,
When thou art fluttering above
Thy softness is thy coat of mail.

MARIA.

Dear me! how pretty!

JANE.

La! how nice it came.

ANNE.

I'm sure I wish that I could do the same.

MRS. PHILTRE.

Harriet! what charming talents you have got!

LADY HOOK.

I have no talents that these girls have not;
But we must work them—Jane, in three days time,
May very likely beat me at a rhyme.
The thing's so easy—but you have no notion
Of the effect—the sort of sweet emotion

I've seen produced by quickness in this way.
Sometimes the morning of a rainy day,
With this sly way of saying pretty things,
More serious votaries to Hymen brings,
Than a whole season of cold sober prose—
You cannot think what brilliance it throws
Over the tedium of a stale charade—
While others stumbled on, humdrum and fade,
My girls were sure to make a famous hit,
By passing their rhymed nonsense off for wit.
Well, shall I give them now a good set to?
They soon will understand what they're to do.

MRS. PHILTRE.

Dear me! what kindness! never while I live
Will I the slightest idleness forgive.

A. Herrieu del.t Henri Philippe Hadamard fecit.

You cannot think what brilliance it throws
Over the tedium of a stale charade!

LADY HOOK *(writes)*.

Anne look at this—do not have any fear
That you will find it difficult, my dear.
Nothing's so easy—as I said just now—
Your theme shall be, a lover's broken vow,
And this the measure—see how I begin.

MRS. PHILTRE.

Anne! not to profit now would be a sin.

LADY HOOK *(reads)*.

Firm he swore, and deep he vowed,
None but Mande should be his bride;
Gently she, her fair head bowed,
And nestled fondly to his side.

Now Anne, you see, you must go on to tell,
What woe to Mande from broken vows befell.

And how she died—or something of that kind—
Just what you like yourself—but only mind
That every line has just as many feet
As these—I think that you had better beat,
Each syllable upon the table thus—
But do it quietly—don't make a fuss.
Firm—he—swore—and—deep—he—vowed,
That's seven you see. Pray do not count aloud.

ANNE.

I'm sure, dear Aunt, I'll try what I can do;
I'd give the world to be as quick as you.

LADY HOOK.

Come here, Maria—you shall chuse your theme—
What shall it be?

MARIA *(thoughtfully)*.

. . . . . Suppose a lover's dream?

LADY HOOK.

Good—very good. I see that we shall do—
But I must chuse the measure too for you.

[*Writes.*

JANE.

Oh dear, Mama! what will she give to me?

MRS. PHILTRE.

Don't be impatient, Jane, and we shall see.

LADY HOOK *(reads)*.

By the murmuring sound of a fast dropping fountain,
That cheered by its coolness the hot air of noon,
And screened by the shade of a neighbouring mountain,
Young Lubin laid down, and was lost in sleep soon.

There now, proceed, and tell us what you will.

MARIA.

I fear, dear aunt, you over-rate my skill.

LADY HOOK.

I do not think so. Now my little Jane,
What shall yours be?

JANE.

Something of love again.

LADY HOOK.

Well, so it shall. Come, tell us of a knight,
Whose lady-love went with him to the fight,
Clad like a boy, and acting as his page—
You'll make a pretty story, I'll engage.

JANE.

But you'll begin, aunt, as you did before ?

MRS. PHILTRE.

I fear you'll find all this a dreadful bore.

LADY HOOK.

Oh no—believe me I am quite amused.

[*Reads.*

Ronald was a son of glory,
Bold he fought, and free he bled;
Young—but known his name to story;
Fair—yet vet'rans from him fled.
Constance was a lady bright,
Soft as dew of summer morn,
And dearly did she love the knight,
And woe was she, when left forlorn.

There, dears, write on—and this day's prize shall be,
Going to-night to Drury Lane with me.

MRS. PHILTRE.

How can I thank you, sister, as I ought?

LADY HOOK.

It is a labour I myself have sought;
But if it answer, as I now foretell,
I could in no way spend the time so well.

CHAPTER V.

Lady Hook lays down the golden rule of fashionable economy; then relates the courtship and marriage of her several daughters, proving the excellence of her principles, by the test of experiment.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. PHILTRE.

I WISH, while they make poetry, you'd say,
(What I have longed to know for many a day),
How you have managed since Sir William died?
How your expenses have been all supplied?
And, most of all, how you have found the means,
To marry six girls, almost in their teens?

LADY HOOK.

Most willingly I'll tell you all I can;
But you will better far conceive my plan,
By just observing what I'm now about.

MARIA.

Aunt! will you tell me what's the rhyme for *stout?*

LADY HOOK.

Scout, out, about, doubt, flout, clout, shout, rout.

MRS. PHILTRE.

It seems so strange to me, to see the ease
With which you make them all do what you please.
If I had told them to sit down to write,
I'm very sure they'd have rebell'd outright.

LADY HOOK.

. . . . . As to expenses, I have managed well,
But the minutiæ were too long to tell;
One general rule I've always kept in view,
And its observance will much profit you.

Let all expenditure, that meets the eye,
Be pushed to what your utmost means supply;
And what is wanting to augment the sum,
Be scraped in quiet privacy at home.

MRS. PHILTRE.

That is so like you! when a girl you know,
Your money always made the greatest show.
But, come—I long to hear your promised tale.

LADY HOOK.

Well! you shall have it, though 'tis somewhat stale.
My first campaign, then, was at an assize;
And there we caught a baron—no bad prize.
Eliza, I must tell you, has a way,
Of chatting off in rhyme extempore.

And while she danced with my Lord Sterling there,
It chanced that there passed by an ill-match'd pair
Of misses; one was like a long may-pole,
The other seem'd, by nature, meant to roll
Instead of walk. My lord, who loves a laugh,
(As many people think too well, by half)
Was greatly tickled; and, when they drew near,
Eliza whispered softly in his ear:—

" Oh could Belinda, lank and tall,
Swallow Miss Daisy, plump and small;
And if those cheeks, and dumpling chin,
Could swell that visage, long and thin—
The forms that scare us when apart,
Together might ensnare a heart."

His lordship was delighted past all measure,
And soon he woo'd, and won his witty treasure.
Much as 'twas said, another wise lord did,
Who for a showman's Punch was heard to bid.

A. Harvieu del.ᵗ

Henri Philipe Hendsmans fecit

An ill matched pair of misses.

A. Duncan Gen.ˡ Printing Establish.ᵗ 70 St. Martins Lane.

A. Hervieu del.t

Henri Philipp Heidemann fecit.

Amelia? dancing into a General's arms.

A Procter's (late) Printing Estabt. 70 St. Martin's Lane.

Which gave its Lord the greatest cause to rue—
With that, you know, I can have naught to do.

MRS. PHILTRE.

Stop for a moment Harriet, and explain,
Just let me hear that poetry again.
Doubtless it's fine, and merits great reward—
But do you think the verses won my Lord?

LADY HOOK.

The verses? yes—the spirit and the jest;
She struck the cord, that he could feel the best;
That's the great secret, and worth all the rest.
Amelia danced into a General's arms,
Who could not stand a siege 'gainst waltzing charms.

MARIA.

(Counting the Syllables with her Fingers on the Table).

By-the-mur-mur-ing-sound-of-a-fast-drip-ping-foun-tain:
I'm sure I have tried it again and again,
And-screen'd-by-the-shade-of-a-neigh-bour-ing-moun-tain:
This verse has got twelve then—and mine has but ten.

LADY HOOK.

Well, try again, Maria—don't despair:
There's Anne looks quite inspir'd, I declare.
A piping Marquis was Louisa's fate,
She too, wrote verses at a famous rate;
So as she rhym'd as fast as he could scrawl
His paltry music, and then sung it all,
He soon perceived, the world could not afford,
So fit a partner for his bed and board.

A. Herneu del.

Henri Philippe Bodemann fecit.

Josephine Marquise de Louisa & fatez

J. Ducrest Grd. Printing Establ. 10 St. Martins Lane.

MRS. PHILTRE.

'Tis quite surprising, what this verse can do,
Indeed, indeed, mine must make verses too.

LADY HOOK.

That, my dear Marg'ret, if you'll trust to me,
They all shall do, and quickly, as you'll see.
It is, indeed, a trap will seldom fail—
Though there are others too, that will avail.
The gentle, youthful, rich Sir Stephen Gray,
Was caught by Emma one propitious day;
The air was sultry, and he chanced to come,
While we were sitting in the garden-room
Of a sweet cottage that I hired one year—
(I own I knew that his fine place was near),
No one was there, but my fourth girl and I;
She was the one who best knew how to sigh,

And has, without exception, the most skill
In making her large eyes say what they will,
Of any girl I know. I soon withdrew,
To guess what followed, I must leave to you.
But I feel pride and pleasure when I say,
That my dear Emma is now Lady Gray.

MRS. PHILTRE.

I will not say I envy your success,
Heaven knows, my dear, I do not wish it less.
But while I wonder at your happy fate,
How dare I hope to be as fortunate?

LADY HOOK.

And why not, sister? 'tis not I alone
Who half a dozen times have doublets thrown—
Besides, to own the truth, the whole half dozen
Have not all got the men I would have chosen.

A. Harvieu del.ᵗ

Henri Philipe Hademan aus fecit.

I soon withdrew.

A. Duncis's Grad. Printing Estabᵈ. 10 St. Martins Lane.

A. Hervieu. del.t

Henri Philipe Hinderman fecit.

But her rich booty is a prodigious sot.

A Ducotés Great Printing Establd. 70 St Martins Lane.

Mary was very plain, so I have not
The slightest right to grumble at her lot;
But her rich booby's a prodigious sot.
Jane was the last who lay upon my hands,
And I began to fear nor house, nor lands
Would e'er be her's, by marriage, when, one day,
I chanced to hear Sir Thomas Forsythe say,
Young Lord Benlockland was just come to town,
And that his spirits were quite broken down,
Because already his broad Scotch was made
The source of quizzing at a masquerade.
I saw at once where Cupid's shaft must hit,
Gave Jane her cue—and then I soon thought fit
To give a friendly dinner to a few—
I knew a fine large party would not do.
We took our coffee near the pens and ink,
(Jane looked extremely well in rouge and pink.)

I led my Lord to talk of his loved land;
Jane sat in silence, leaning on her hand.
At length, as if inspir'd by what he said,
She seized a pen, and, bending low her head,
Beneath the shelter of her sable locks,
She penned a rhapsody in praise of rocks.
Of course, I said, "Jane, what are you about?"
She faintly struggled—but the fact came out—
His lordship read the lines—the thing was done,
And a third son was thus by rhyming won.

MRS. PHILTRE.

No wonder, Harriet, that you praised your skill,
Now I'm determined that I'll have my will;
Often, and often, I have given way,
But, after all that I have heard to-day,
My girls shall rhyme, whether they can or no.

Beneath the shelter of her curly locks,
She penned a rhapsody in praise of rocks.

LADY HOOK.

The truth on that point it is time to know.

Come hither, Jane, what progress have you made?

Only one stanza, dear, I am afraid.

[*Reads.*

Ronald loved the lady too,

As dearly as the lady him,

And so, all the day long they woo,

And he kissed her, and she kissed him.

Look, Jane, my love, all this is very good

For a beginning, but you never should

Let any word stand with itself to rhyme—

Remember this, dear girl, another time.

Well, Anne, what's this?—how you have blotted out,

I scarce can see what you have been about.

[*Reads.*

But he lied, when he did swear
To his gentle lady fair,
And when she found 'twas all a lie,
Then the lady she did die.

ANNE.

That is scratched out, aunt, 'cause the *die* and *lie,*
And *swear* and *fair* are close together—why
They should not, I'm sure I cannot tell,
For to my mind they sound extremely well.

LADY HOOK *(reads).*

But he lied, when he did swear,
And she found out it was a lie,
And so the gentle lady fair,
She sat down quite sad to die.

The truth on that point it is time to know.

MRS. PHILTRE.

Well! I declare I'm quite surpris'd at Anne,
She shall make poetry—I see she can.

LADY HOOK.

She will in time—and now, Maria, dear,
Let me see your's—come—what is it you fear?

MARIA.

Oh, my dear aunt! I'm so ashamed to show!
But then it is my first attempt, you know.

LADY HOOK *(reads)*.

Lubin was handsome, and gay, and young, and stout, and tall,
And when he went to sleep, he dreamed about his love,
And he was very agreeable, and not shy at all;
And he dreamed of kissing as he lay in the grove.

Oh, my dear girl! I very greatly fear,
That nature has not given you an ear,—
Don't you perceive these lines do not run well?

MARIA.

Try with your fingers, aunt! you cannot tell
How hard it is at first—you have forgot.

LADY HOOK.

No—I assure you, girls, that I have not.
And you have, all, pleased me so well to-day,
That all shall be rewarded with the play.

MRS. PHILTRE.

Oh! what a blessing 'tis to find an aunt
With both the power and will such help to grant!
You will make all their fortunes—that is clear—
How thankful should I be that I came here!

All shall be rewarded with the play.

A. Chisholm Govt. Printing Establt. 70 St. Martin's Lane

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